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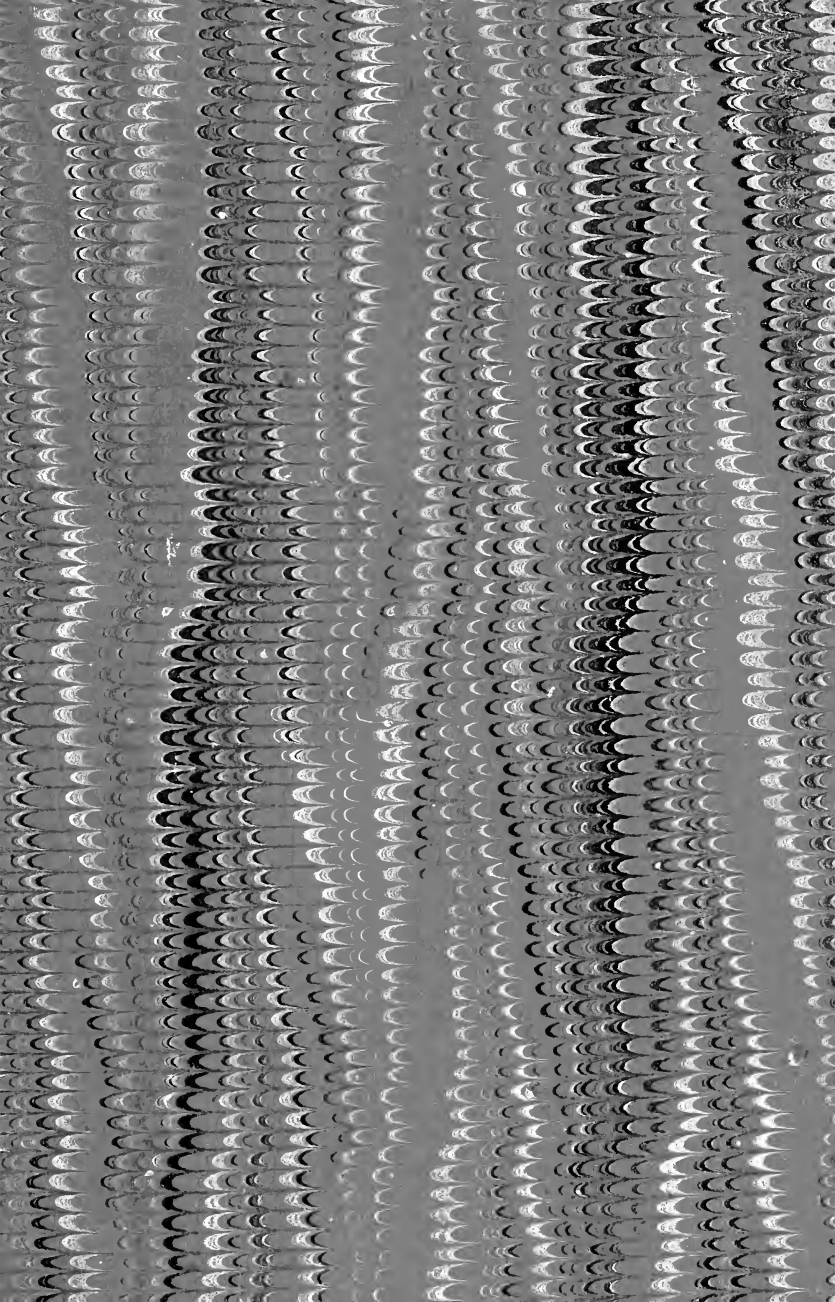


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✓ APOTHEOSIS.

A NEW "VISION OF JUDGMENT."

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN SPONTANEOUS GENERATION. THE
DEVIL BEATS THE SCIENTISTS. AN OCCULTATION
OF THE CONSTELLATIONS.

AN ASTRONOMICAL SATIRE ON THE TIMES.

BY THE AUTHOR.

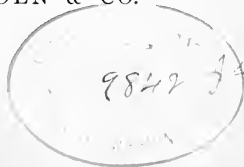
APOTHEOSIS.—The act of elevating a mortal to the rank, and placing him
among the number, of the gods—consecration.—*Webster.*

33
"Allots the prince of his celestial line,
An *apotheosis* and rights divine."—*Garth.*

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PREFACE.

If the religious world should feel itself aggrieved at the production of the following Satire, all we have to say is: had it (the religious world) not been so prolific of its materials for the subject, it certainly would never have been written.

We use the word “pious” quite freely, for the reason that it seems to have usurped the place of “charity,” which, it is said, “covers a multitude of sins.”

THE AUTHOR.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

Old Nick sat musing on his throne,
Thinking how he could atone
 For all his innovations.
All devilish work was overdone
By pious scamps who'd got the run
 Of all his calculations.

For hell had ceased to be a place
To toast the best of Adam's race
 O'er theologic coals.
All faith in it had proved unsound,
And man a better place had found
 For erring human souls.

The slag of ages dump'd around
The burned out pit of hell profound,
 Like cinders round a furnace,
Was all that met the devil's eye,—
Which prompted him to seek, and try
 A better way to earn his

Living. No shadow of a doubt
 Was left that hell was now "played out,"
 For priests had ceased to preach it;
 And everything was cold and null, for
 Not a saint would furnish sulphur,
 Nor guide that souls might reach it.

And thus he sat on moss-grown throne,
 Sad and sorrowful, all alone—
 (With hell 'twas no vacation.)
 His imps long since he'd upward hurled,
 To look at things on the upper world
 That gave him great vexation.

Quoth he: "I have it sure as fate;
 I'll finish my work before too late!
 (A balm for past iniquity!)
 Of crimes of men I am ashamed;
 My honors, too, they have defamed,
 In spite of my ubiquity.

"From off the earth a god shall rise
 From deeds of lust right to the skies,
 (A crowning of satiety);

I'll smash that hateful frowning wall,
*O'er which I once did get a fall,**
 With a splendid spontaneity.

“I'll show how lust can make a god
 Arise from Brooklyn's slimy sod —
 (A spontanick generation);
 My imps will gather moral dust,
 The mass I'll leaven with pious lust,—
 Then wait the fermentation.

“And thus I'll make all lust and pride
 Uprise a mighty swelling tide—
 (Myself the moral actor);
 To sweep the earth of hot desire,
 And show myself—the ‘greatest liar’—
 A hidden benefactor.”

Then, with a mighty upward leap,
 He kicked all hell into a heap—
 Of universal ruin;
 And stood upon the heights of sin,
 At B——r's church in famed Brooklyn—
 The place to start his brewin'.

* See Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Lo! Nemesis she came at last,
With vengeance in her fiery blast.

In spite of pious pleading,
All secret vice and selfish pride,
That rode upon the pop'lar tide,
Did at her feet lie bleeding.

She swept with blast of 'venging fire
That false intoning, tuneless *lyre*,
With strings of brass and iron,
On which was struck those notes of shame —
Struck high, to blast the deathless fame
Of England's noble Byron!



A "CYCLONE."

There rose upon the wings of night
A mystic cloud in airy flight,—
A dusty whirlwind writhing round,
And twisting upward from the ground;
A mixed conglomerate fetid mass,
Composed of priest and pliant ass;
The banker, thief, insurance agent,
Were braided in the rising pageant;
'Twas twisted full of financiers,
Who quench their thirst with orphans' tears—
With presidents of savings banks
To mark the end of finished hanks;
And caught within the convolutions
Were the plundering "rats" of institutions,
And all the lust-enflavored spools,
Were wound with sycophantic fools,
Who, fawning, lick the hand of wealth,
And think to gain financial health;
And plundering priests of every nation
Formed the centre of gyration,

With all who live by public plunder,
 Twisted in the whirling wonder ;
 Thus upward rose the cord of crime
 "In fiery swirls of seething slime."

The devil spun the magic twist,
 His distaff held in clenched fist,
 And round and round he twirled the thread
 Of social crimes above his head,
 And with his forked flaming tail,
 (That swished about like spinster "Gail,")
 He bound each rascal of the ring,
 Like braided onions in a string ;
 And the vilest clown of all the crowd,
 Who like a pig squealed long and loud,
 As caught in Satan's magic twist,
 To finish up his crime-stained list,
 Was th' man who purchased tainted meat,
 And thought thereby Old Nick to cheat.
 His nose would smell and find obscenity
 Where th' pure of heart could see divinity.
 And so, to keep him on the scent,
A tax was laid by Government.
 He watched the devil spinning his skein,
 And vexed and puzzled his pious brain,

And danced like one in fit "conniption,"
 O'er what appeared a fine "conception";
 For a chance he saw for vast extortion,
 In case the "spinner" meant abortion.
 But soon he saw 'twas a tragic matter,
 When caught in the flyers—with an awful clatter.
 Now Satan thought he'd spoil his thread—
 Such "rotten flax"!—but on he sped;
 And on he sped,—the filthy toad—
 Our nation's shame!—the "Comstock load."

Now Satan sung this gleeful song,
 In rythm with the whirling throng,
 And time he kept with wheel and fiddle,
 With foot upon the bounding treadle.

"The flax of sin I gather in,
 All rotted for the brake;
 No earthly field again shall yield
 The 'venom of the snake.'

"And now I twirl, with busy whirl,
 A bobbin for a god,
 Of reeking flax (and true *syn*-tax),
 To cleanse all earthly sod.

“My buzzing wheel and whirling reel
 Shall ne’er their work give o’er,
 While sin remains with its foul stains,
 Upon terrestrial shore.

“For virtue’s sake, with sounding brake,
 We make the shives to crackle,
 With swingling-knife to end the strife,
 With help of tearing hackle.

“’Tis thus I spin, ’tis thus I spin
 The *ombile* cord of life,
 (For the new god, from Plymouth’s sod,)
 Of vain and lustful strife.

“Away! away! from light of day,
 You lust-engendering crew;
 I’ll cleanse with wrath your sin-stained path,
 And substitute the true.

“Ring out with joy, for lust’s alloy
 No more shall poison earth,
 And new-born crime, from social slime,
 I’ll strangle at its birth.

“These learned fools, from classic schools,
Have seized all moral trust ;
When they won't dam the floods of sham,
Why, then the devil must.”



HIS EXPERIENCE.

The devil was bothered by the tricks
Of all who dealt in politics.

But they who cut the vilest capers
Were those who edit popular papers.

They gave Old Nick a deal of trouble,
For each did seem to have his "double."

But he spun his warp and he spun his woof,
And gazed with hope at his horny hoof;

For he saw 'twas changing to a foot
On which he could wear a nice calf boot;

And his thoughts ran on in pleasant strain,
As he saw the earth relieved of pain.

The deeds of men being darker than his,
It changed the hue of his smutty phiz;

And he saw with delight his changing color,
And made up his mind he was a-*damned* good fellow.

He laughed with glee as his tail did nab
The rascals of the salary grab ;

For he saw how nicely waves of sin
Were swelling and surging and rolling in.

But when he caught the "fraudulent Hayes"
His wheel and his thread did whirl both ways.

It brought a stop to his pleasant thinking,
For he saw that his yarn was badly kinking.

But soon he raised a joyful shout,
As he saw 'twas strangely stretching out ;

For he'd made a grab that filled the bill,
And caught "the man of the people's will,"

Who "really bought," with good (?) intent,
A right to the chair of President.

And he spun his warp and he spun his woof,
And gazed with delight at his transformed hoof,

While his face was changed from the blackness of night
To the form and the color of an Angel of Light ;

And the hues of his countenance came and went
Like the amber-flecked flames of the Occident,

When the sun in his majesty flings down his banners,
And cloud-land spirits are shouting hosannas.

Now, blush, dear reader, but please don't scoff,
For, truth to tell, his tail dropp'd off!

And then his *pants*! O, what a sight!—
(A transformed devil in such a plight!)

Those elegant breeches of splendid blue!
“And a *hole* in the seat where the tail stuck through!”

But having dropp'd his malformation,
He mended the seat by “materialization”;

And he picked up his tail—a rueful relic
Of thousands of years of horrid hell-ache.

But he laid it aside for future use—
A thing of the past, and much abuse.

The church might want it for dissection,
To settle the question of “election.”

For in that strange and weird bauble
There lay a world of christian (?) trouble.

A PROPHECY.

The bending glories of the skies
Were blurred to all upturnéd eyes,
By christian crimes uphurled on high
By Satan's might and majesty.
But through a rift in the lustful storm
There burst a light true hearts to warm ;
And on its sweetly beaming tide
An angel down did gently glide,
Who bade me wait a little while,
(With cheerful voice and loving smile,)
And surely then I'd gladly see
Truth's triumphant majesty !
“ 'Tis not forever that wrong shall ride
O'er human hearts in car of pride ;
But yonder whirling, writhing throng,
Is the winnowed dust of social wrong ! ”

THE OCCULTATION OF THE CONSTELLATIONS.

I had a dream, and by the gleam
Of phantomatic light,
I saw revealed that which was sealed
To waking human sight.

I saw, alas! (though flesh is grass
In senses more than one,) *weeds*
That foulest deeds were cherished *weeds*
Where fashion rules the ton.

I saw with shame that men of fame
Cared not for truth and right,
So that their crimes would bring the dimes,
In life's unequal fight.

That greedy lust had seized the trust
Of every sacred token,
And lost was Honor's laurel crown,
And Virtue's wings were broken.

E'en Mammon ruled in royal state
The destinies of men,
And Crime had seized the thread of Fate,
And dragged her to its den.

Aye, priests had locked the gates of death,
And every human soul
Had mortgage on its latest breath
For thrice the honest toll !

A spirit stood in musing mood,
Beside him stood Pegasus ;
I mount the steed, whose quick'ning speed
Soon takes me to Parnassus.

From there I saw a mighty throng,
With priest for apotheosis—
A lusty clown in priestly gown,
Heart-sick with lachrymosis.

The *brine* ran down upon his gown,
In manner strange and funny,
And friends with tears, and some with cheers,
Proclaimed it Plymouth honey.

Old "Giant Wrong" led on the throng
 Of votaries steeped in crime,
 In steeple-chase for pelf and place,
 For free-love and the dime.

The sacred ties of human love
 They burned with lustful fire,
 With christian priests as moral beasts,
 To pile the ghastly pyre.

Beneath their feet was spread a sheet
 Like that once seen by Peter,
 And shouting loud amidst the crowd,
 Was V-c for throne to seat 'er.

'Twas full of meat as Peter's sheet—
 O'errun with lustful vermin—
 A robe of fate of *royal state*—
 'Twas Plymouth's soiled ermine.

The priest sat down and took the crown,
 His breath came short and wheezy;
 Says he: "Stand back, you howling 'hack'!
 All honors here are easy;

“Except for me, who all may see,
 The great ‘I AM,’ to rise
 To yonder star, that blazes far,
 In distant polar skies.

The waiting crowd stepp’d quickly in,
 At word from leader given,
 And upward rose the load of sin
 For corner lots in heaven.

Says raging V-c, “You’ve played a trick—
 My rights you have ignored ;
 Now in your sheet, with my own feet,
 A hole will soon be bored.”

Then with a bound from earthly ground
 She gave an upward leap,
 And sprang within, and raised a din—
 The “cloth” it was too cheap!

As each one curs’d the fabric burst,
 Down tumbling came the crowd—
 A Sodom rain that shrieked with pain,
 And yelled with curses loud.

Then there was spun a mighty run
 Of yarn—'twas strange and novel—
 A writhing skein of rage and pain,
 To Satan's self a marvel.

'Twas strung together by "birds of feather,"
 In tangled incongruity—
 A cord of life from lustful strife,
 And the devil's ingenuity.

Now there did rise, right to the skies,
 That priest—that famous teacher;
 His mantle fell, a pledge to hell—
 The last of earthly B——r.

It backward dropp'd from out the sky,
 And fell with great velocity,
 A thing that pleased the devil's eye,
 And fired his curiosity.

Now like a tail there hung a trail—
 A sort of modern miracle;
 But "Nick" with knife stood as midwife,
 And cut *that cord umbilical!*

In the preacher's aid, the trenchant blade
 Was whet on lust and perjury —
 Midst lies and smut the cord was cut
 By Satan's skillful surgery.

It crack'd like a whip, by the strain and skip
 Of new-born god so dapper;
 For "Nick" had plotted, and he had knotted
 His tail in the end for snapper.

The route he took, this lust-born spook,
 Was straight in right ascension,
 And gods and owls, and other fowls,
 Fled off in quick *declension*.

The "tail" of this "kite," in its airy flight,
 Swept through the constellations,
 Knotted full of the W—d—ll—
 "Old Lust" and his relations.

The sacred gate was left to fate,
 By Peter old and lazy;
 In burst the tide of Plymouth pride,
 With freelove wild and crazy.

Old Peter woke, and saw a joke
Was played on saints in heaven,
And ran right straight to shut the gate,
And stop the lustful leaven.

The gate was block'd, and he was shock'd
To find the hinges rusty;
His failing strength gave way at length
Before a crowd so lusty.

The heavens rang by the howling gang,
Demanding beef for slaughter,
Though in the past, from first to last,
They'd *preached up* bread and water.

'Twas then old Nick ran up the "cord"
Like squirrel up a tree;
Says he: "Old Pete, go kill some meat,
And banquet all you see."

Then with a frown he squatted down
And kinked his tail about
The leg of V-c—then hauled in quick
The part 'twas sticking out.

Now Satan saw his work was done,
 His "works" were safely landed ;
 So off to earth he took a run
 To where his imps were banded.

When first he leap'd the same old walls,
 (Of heaven's frowning fort,)
 He drew along a mighty throng
 Of devils to his court.*

Now B——r leaped the same great wall
 With upward bounding skip,
 And crimes went up to share his "cup,"
 Like barnacles on a ship.

Old Peter drew his rusty blade,
 And *swore* he'd cut their ears,
 But Brother S——n lent his aid,
 And stopp'd him by his tears.

The singing saints of sacred spheres
 Let fall their golden harps,
 And council took of their worst fears,
 As chased by flats and sharps,

*See Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Who thus did see a golden chance,
 To form a "gold community,"
 And so their selfish lusts enhance
 By "golden opportunity."

Poor Peter had no recollection
 Of such a wondrous people,
 But then, upon more due reflection,
 His church ne'er had a steeple,

Or sold its seats to wealth and power,
 To pay the preacher's salary,
 Or drove the poor from the first floor,
 With niggers to the gallery.

The dear old saint gave one last look
 To satisfy his wonder,
 And then his way he upward took —
 'Twas thus he kept them *under*.

Now, soon the cry rang long and loud
 Along the constellations,
 For beef and fish to feed a crowd,
 That loved its daily rations.

A "*Bible Class*" they did convene
 For study of *gastronomy*!
 As finest beef that e'er was seen
 Was owned by Old Astronomy.

Not only that, but game was plenty
 On yonder stellar streams,
 And fish they'd have for palates dainty,
 And birds for gastric dreams.

A hunt was planned for the next day —
 'Twould beat the 'hunt of Epping';
 Through starry space they'd take their way,
 On stars, as stones, for stepping.

Now outward rush'd the hungry 'crew'
 Along the starry spaces,
 And timid fowls they shrieked and flew,
 And frightened were the fishes.

'Twas selfishness that took the helm,
 Led on by spirit evil,
 And sought the mystic depths to whelm,
 As prompted by the devil.

The preacher made a sudden rush
 To catch some spirit fairies,
 And bang'd his head with awful crush
 Against the horns of Aries.

Says Sister So-So, "that's bad luck
 For such a moral teacher ;
 Only think, you've run amuck
 With that old horny creature."

Quoth he: "Don't cry, dear So-and-So,
 I am not hurt, I'm sure ;
 Old Harry V. he stubbed his toe,
 But beat at Agincourt."*

The preacher wiped his bleeding nose ;
 Quoth he: "My head's the guilt on,
 For surely I did first suppose
 It was that awful Tilton."

Orion brave would be no slave
 To Plymouth's raging ram,
 And smote the bull in the forehead full
 Till hustled by the jamb.

*Pronounced *Agincour*.

From ages old the hunter bold
 Had faced old roaring Taurus,
 But now let fly across the sky
 His club at Plymouth's war-horse.

The flaming mane from lion slain —
 The hunter of the sky,
 Now cast astray on th' milky way —
 A hairy legacy.

He'd saved his metal for other cattle,
 More worthy flashing steel —
 A sudden lunge! — and then a plunge —
 The Dog — had seized his heel!

“O, blast that Dog!” — then rose a fog
 From Eridinus's murky pool;
 'Twas the last e'er seen of the man who e'en
 Would face a Plymouth Bull.

The snaky head of the Gorgon dead,
 With serpents ceased to hiss;
 All flesh, 'tis known, it turned to stone,
 But now it seemed to miss!

The demon Algol* caught the fumes
From steaming earthly hell,
And held his nose to wait the close
Of heaven's great pell-mell.

And blushing red, he veiled his head,
Midst starry scenes around,
And lightning flame of demon shame
Illumed the depths profound.

No more his transient, blazing throne
Shall light the midnight sky,
Or vex the sage from age to age
With changeful mystery.

Old Perseus cut the stellar space
With blazing scimiter—
With mighty sweep of martial grace,
But missed the minister.

He struck so wild the sky was piled
With tails and toes and noses;
But 'tis not here the ghostly fear
Of heavenly hurt repose.

*The variable star in the head of Medusa.

The serpent saw with eyes of fire
 The starry hosts confounded,
 And Lyra wrecked by a pious *liar*
 That up from earth had bounded.

The flight of the Swan was hastened on —
 'Twas general consternation ;
 The Fox let loose the squawking goose,
 And the Dolphin left his station.*

The Northern Bear sprang from his lair —
 He proved a *mitey skipper*,
 And thrashed his tail across the Whale,
 And spoiled a splendid “dipper.”

Ashterion grabbed his caudal brush —
 The blood began to trickle —
 Böotes† made a sudden rush,
 And cut it with his “sickle.”

The tail shot out across the skies,
 And B——r's tearful friend
 He saw 'twas nice for brushing flies,
 And seized the bleeding end.

*Constellations.

†Boo-o-tes leads the two dogs Ashteron and Casa.

Cepheus saw the rising crowd
 Led on by Plymouth's rover,
 And swore an oath both long and loud
 That hell had *just* slopp'd over.

The Northern fish, with slimy swish,
 It soiled Andromeda's mantle,
 And the iron chain was broke in twain,
 That bound her shapely ankle.

There rose a shout along the route
 From throats of gods—"a raid is
 Being made, by an earthly shade,
 On ancient royal ladies!"

While others cried, through spaces wide,
 "A raid on beef and poultry,"
 And fish and bears, and timid hares,
 Joined the howling psaltery.

This reverend clown of great renown,
 It was his luck to be
 Hurl'd to the place in starry space
 Of bright Alruccaba.*

*Polar star—Cynosura vel Alruccaba.

The polar star then caught the jar
 Of heaven's great obfustion;
 And the shaggy hair of polar bear
 Was fired by its combustion.

The Virgin fair, with blush and stare,
 Caught sight of new divinity,
 And saw with shame there was no fame
 Or honor in virginity.

Though lust was crowned on moral ground,
 By verdict of a jury,
 She still would hold her trust of old
 With all her virgin fury.

She'd walked the sky since time began,
 With lovers like old Castor,
 And now she'd scorn that naughty man,
 That lustful Plymouth pastor.

The preacher turned his am'rous eyes
 Upon the star-born maiden, —
 But morals of the ancient skies
 Are not of Baden-Baden.*

*A notorious watering place in Europe.

Quoth he: "Your humble servant, *madam*;
 O, why should you rebuke us?
 Is yonder chap old Father Adam?
 Says she: "O fie, you cuss!*

"That man has got the very snake,
 The very one, no doubt,
 That did all earthly troubles make—
 You'd better down and out!"

"Excuse me, Miss, please say no more,
 I see you're not *confiding*,
 And by the way you just now *swore*,
 You don't approve 'nest hiding!'"

The next thing done while on the run,
 For cleansing souls libidinous,
 They took a plunge (sin to expunge)
 In the waters of Eridinus.

In leap'd the crowd with shouts so loud
 That frightened was the Dog†;
 Midst yelps and growls, and pious howls,
 There rose a mighty fog.

* Ophiuchus, the serpent bearer.

† Sirius, the Dog star.

The murky mists of the seething stream
 Blush'd red with flames of lust,
 That upward rose, like rushing steam,
 From boiler that had bu'st.

Aurora wrapp'd her morning banners
 Around her shrinking form,
 And blushed to see such wretched manners
 Presaging lustful storm.

Her torch of day she cast adown
 The darkened morning sky,
 She would not hold the light to crown
 A priest's adultery.

Each wingéd steed, with flashing speed,
 Fled back in distant flight,
 And not a ray of rising day
 Would lend its welcome light.

The Balance hung on leaden skies,
 The beam in equipoise,
 But *scales* fell off of Virtue's eyes
 As vanished marriage joys.

There fell a weight like th' hand of Fate,
 That tipp'd the balance beam,
 For sin weighed down all human hope,
 And justice gave a scream.

Her voice rang out on darkened sky
 In accents wild and strong ;
 'Twas strange to see such mystery
 With scales she'd held so long.

The Phoenix* rose in lurid flame
 On blazing southern sky —
 Her fires were lit by blush of shame
 At crowned Adultery.

Her ashes fell — 'tis sad to tell —
 A dusty mystic shower,
 No more to rise on classic skies —
 Her last and fatal hour.

The hands of Time†, midst *hoary* rime,
 Went back upon the clock ;
 Ten thousand years of human tears
 Did saintly sinners mock.

* Southern Constellation.

† Horologium, the Clock.

A shadow fell on Dial Plate,
 The songs of stars were hushed ;
 The voice of Fate cried out, "Too late,"
 And Virtue's hopes were crushed.

The oaken masts of Argo* old
 Again did make predictions—
 'Twas then and there that was foretold
 The death of pious fictions.

"Man soon shall see Truth's smiling face
 In all its blooming beauty ;
 And he shall find his *saving grace*
 When *She* shall show his duty.

"All human love shall yet be pure ;
 The pathway of humanity
 Shall grow no weeds whose deadly seeds
 Were Brooklyn's wild insanity.

"'Tis thus great wrongs are swept away,
 And human hopes made bright ;
 The greatest crime becomes in time
 The golden gate to right.

*The Argo was the famous ship in which the heroes called the Argonauts sailed in search of the Golden Fleece. The masts were endowed with the gift of prophecy

“The *wrath* of God ascends in praise,
 Like incense to the skies ;
 Though clouds that darken human ways
 Like noxious vapors rise,

“They are but chaff upblown by fate,
 And scattered to the wind.
 ’Tis thus that God doth re-create,
 And bless those left behind.

“The Golden Fleece of social peace
 Is not for pride to find,
 But him whose love and works do prove
 A blessing to mankind.”

No such raid was ever made
 On ancient beef and mutton,
 And every dish of fowl or fish
 Was tasted by the glutton.

The last ’twas seen on starry screen
 Of Plymouth’s lustful rager,
 Was in yon skies a brushing flies
 With the tail of Ursa Major.

Right on the bank (a well-known prank)
 Of Aquarius's roaring pool,
 This new-born god, with angling rod,
 Was fishing for a fool.

Now Darkness hung her mantle down
 Upon the stage of time ;
 'Twas thus she did her work encrown —
 By blotting out all crime.

'Tis thus that pride doth ever fall
 Eclipsed from human eyes,
 And thus doth darkness spread her pall
 O'er all whose lives are lies.

A voice came out the startled gloom,
 A wailing of despair ;
 It sounded like the "crack of doom,"
 And shocked the midnight air.

"Adulterer ! Adulteress !
 The time has come your work to bless.
 That which was crime,
 In former time,

Was naught but pious lying ;
 And marriage tie
 A saintly lie
 Of priest who did the tying.
 For if the truth of God
 Hath more abounded through my lie,
 And the more his glory it doth shine,
 Why yet am I a sinner judged
 And the world set up its whine?''*

MORAL.

To keep our pride and saintly grace
 In these the worst of times,
 And in life's games to hold the ace,
 We *consecrate* our crimes.

*Romans iii. 7.

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APOTHEOSIS.—The act of elevating a mortal to the rank, and placing him among the number, of the gods—consecration.—*Webster.*

"Allots the prince of his celestial line,
An *apotheosis* and rights divine."—*Garth.*

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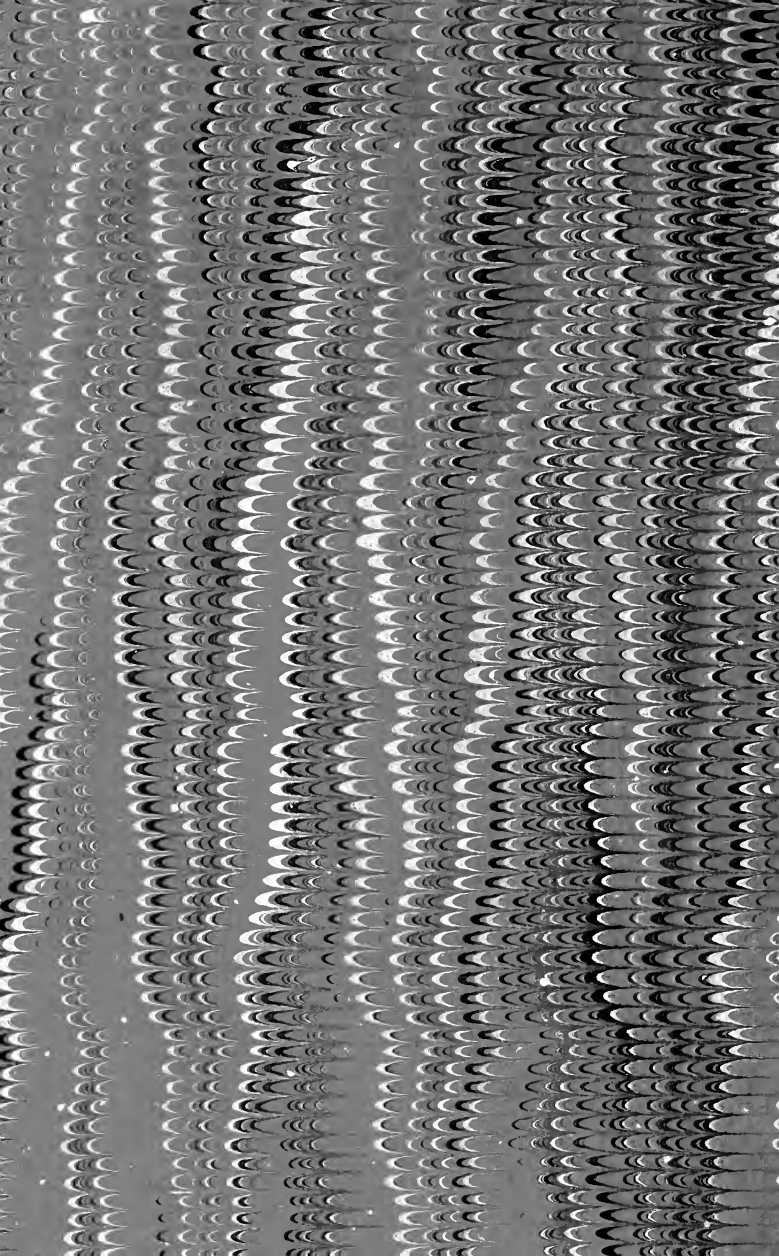
The devil spun the magic twist,
His distaff held in clinchéd fist,
And round and round he twirled the thread
Of social crimes above his head.

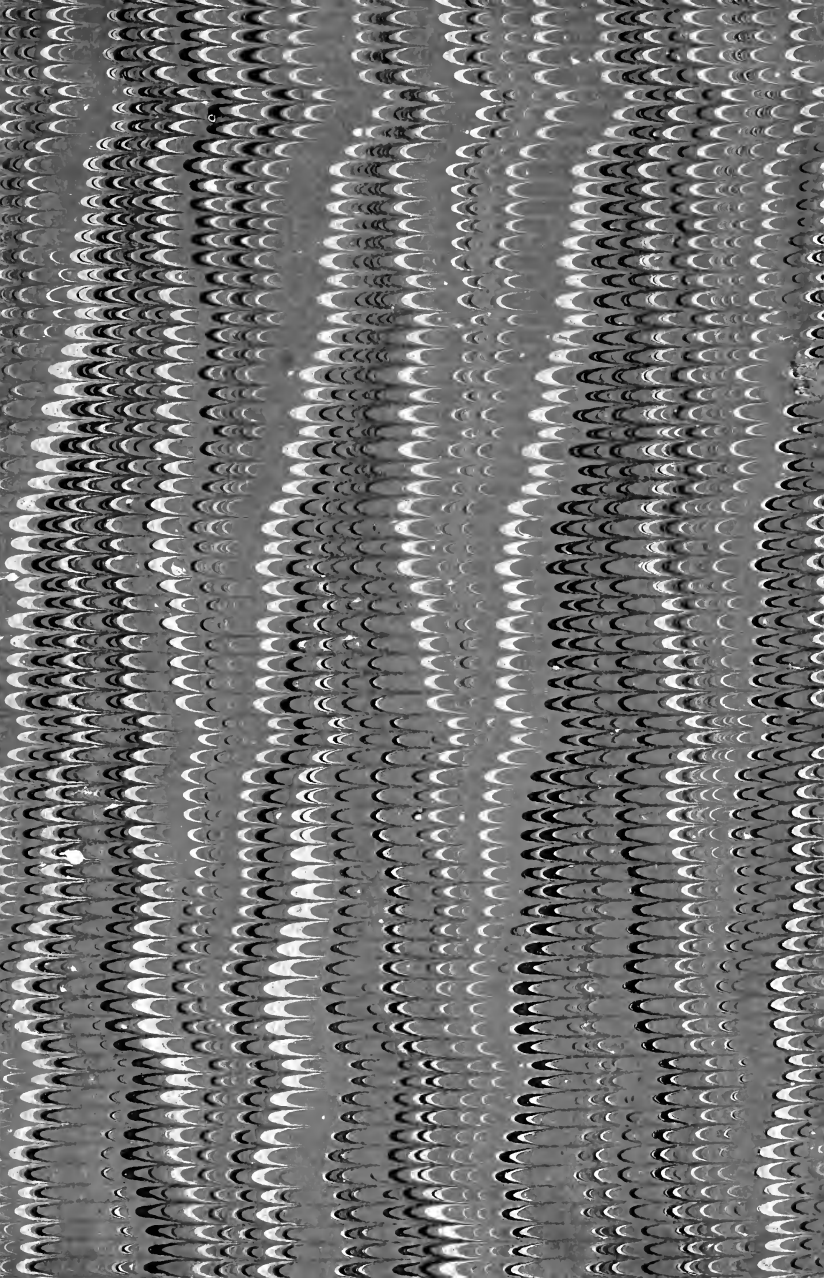














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